DOLLS & DOLLS

no. 8

$3.00

LOOKING FOR A BUNDLE OF BEAUTY,
A SATCHEL OF STORIES
AND A WAGONLOAD OF WIT?
THIS IS IT!



ADULTS ONLY



DOLLS & DOLLS
NUMBER EIGHT

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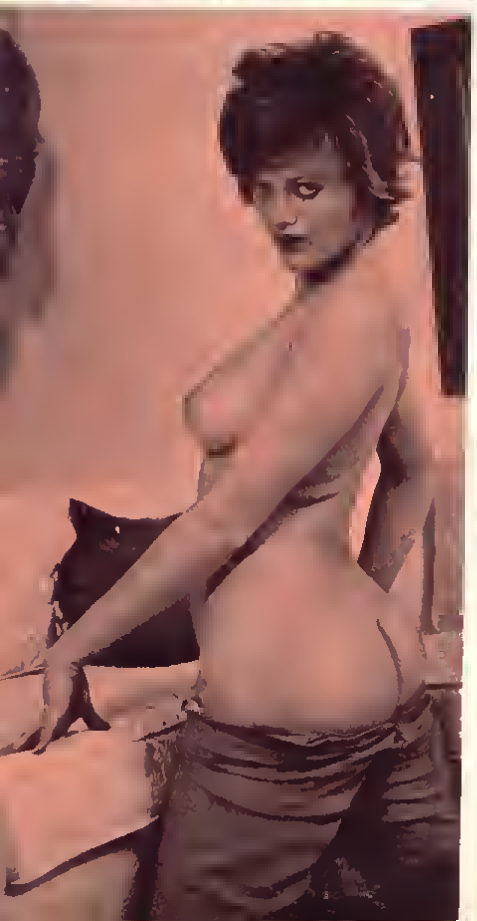


Terri Donovan likes to call herself a "wild Irish rose," and some of her friends agree that it's a good idea. She's an unashamed beatnik, lives in Greenwich Village, likes a-go-go and progressive jazz, op-art and above all—personal freedom, all the way













Terri is quick to point out that there are a lot of first-rate, serious artists in "The Village" and she has posed in the nude for many of them.

Terri has serious ambitions to be an artist, and attends art classes that are conducted by several artists who have made it to the top. Meantime, she earns her tuition and living by taking modeling assignments for live and photographic jobs. When this gal works, she's serious; but when it is time for fun and relaxation, she is just as intense, living every moment to the fullest. She's a favorite at the coffee houses and swinging clubs in the Village, and most who know her believe she'll become a top artist.







D'Arcy didn't shoot. He chopped one blow into Poincare's middle and the older man gasped with pain.



BY JAN RUSSELL

THE DEATH TOY

He was trapped by his own pleasure, his wife ready to slam the switch that would send him to his death . . .

D'Arcy put his hand on the diesel locomotive, and moved it a few inches along the track. In his other hand, he held the gun pointed rock-steady at Poincare's midriff.

"The butler *always* does it, *m'sieu,*" he said with mock courtesy. "Why should you be so surprised, then? You, who have read so many thousands of detective novels!"

"Apparently *you* haven't read many," Poincare said, "or you would know that the butler-killer is merely a popular cliche." He raised his iron-gray brows and sighed from the depths of his barrel-chest: "Am I surprised? Oh, I knew that Marie

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TOMBOY TEMPTRESS









Jackie Dumont is her name, and she is as free as the birds. This gal likes an unfenced existence, and she admits she is a tomboy, but it led her into a very unusual occupation—patio decorator.





Jackie bought a house on a beach and decorated the patio just the way she had dreamed of—in what she calls "early beachbug" style. When friends began to ask her help in decorating their own patios, Jackie found herself so much in demand, she just went commercial. Much of the decor is "natural" findings, such as the driftwood, unusual shells and items washed up on beaches. All this takes a lot of time to get together, but Jackie is a sea lover and loves the hours in the sun, just wandering, while she looks for treasured items.











NEW RULES FOR LOVERS

By Jeff Stanley

LOVE AND MARRIAGE RULES AT THIS STAGE OF THE GAME ARE CHANGING SO FAST THAT IT'S HARD TO TELL THE AMATEURS.

When 31-year old Doctor of Theology, the Reverend Frederick C. Wood, Jr., Episcopal Chaplain of Goucher College for Women in Baltimore, stood up before the undergraduate body of that select private institution for learning in the autumn of 1964, he must have known when he opened his mouth that he was putting his foot in it.

However, as a man of spiritual and intellectual integrity, having something to get off his manly chest, the young minister, happily married and the father of three young daughters, went right ahead and said it to his audience.

"From the structure of the human organism as male and female to every conceivable act of sexual expression, sexuality itself is good," he bravely began.

Then he added, "There is nothing bad or dirty or perverted about it. It is simply good."

At this point, the more knowledgeable and experienced among his listeners must have been wondering what text he'd been reading.

Undoubtedly, parallel conclusions occurred to a large percentage of the Reverend Dr. Wood's all-girl congregation as he went on to say, among other pertinent observations, "To say this, is *not* to say that premarital intercourse is 'bad' or 'dirty.' Indeed, it can be very beautiful . . ."

Moments later, he added an unequivocal opinion to the effect that, "Sex is fun. . . ."

Other high points of Dr. Wood's sermon included the following—

"Not only is sex fun—it is also funny. Like the play of a child, which is freely expressed and created, sex is also playful. And this means there are no laws attached to sex. I repeat—absolutely no laws.

"There is nothing which you ought to do or ought not to do. There are no rules of the game, so to speak. Anyone who tells you that there are, may be guilty of mistaking social and cultural custom for divine sanction, or for what is sometimes called 'natural law' . . .

"We all ought to relax and stop feeling guilty about our sexual activities, thoughts and desires. And I mean this, whether those thoughts are heterosexual, homosexual or autosexual . . ."

As a windup for this blockbuster, Dr. Wood concluded, "The good news of the Gospel which has been delivered to me is that we have been freed from such laws as evaluative codes of behavior—freed to act responsibly according to a higher law.

"If you will, this is the law of love!"

While as of this writing Dr. Wood remains chaplain of Goucher College, neither he nor the college administrators was slow to discover that, no matter what Gospel had been delivered to Dr. Wood, sex was still a very dirty word indeed, to large numbers of parents, other churchmen and, after the story broke in the Baltimore *Sun*, to sundry members of the populace at large—laymen and professionals alike.

While socially progressive folk of

all sexes and ages will say a heartfelt Amen to Dr. Wood's brave, if not exactly new, words, it is quite probable that a majority of our country's adult citizenry not only finds all sexual doctrine a touchy subject; but, coming frankly from a wearer of the Episcopal Cloth and addressed to an audience of unmarried young women of marriageable age, finds it horrifying.

No laws—no rules? Then what in hell was Dad dishing out when he discoursed in stumbling fashion about the flowers, the bees and the birds? Or Mother, when she issued all those warnings about sitting with her knees wide apart, to maturing little Jane?

Unfortunately or otherwise, the world is booby-trapped with more laws, written and otherwise, concerning the learning and practice of sex, than it is of local rules that treat of the proper scoring of a game of blackjack, known in some semi-literate circles as twenty-one.

Many assault infantrymen who picked their way unerringly through the minefields of Salerno or Omaha Beach have repeatedly, and to their continuing sorrow, fallen afoul of these booby traps of custom and legality, more difficult of interpretation and more inductive of error and misdemeanor than community Sunday saloon laws in a local option state west of the Appalachians.

There exist commonwealths in this sexually addled union in which a husband who admits to an act of marital infidelity and is permitted to return to the nuptial couch, is thereby insulated against any subsequent legal action on the part of his presumably forgiving spouse.

In other states, notably Nevada and California, where incompatibility of temperament is held sufficient reason to sunder a couple that God, or at least a J.P., has joined together in legal matrimony, a case of chronic halitosis on the part of either member of the marital team, is held good reason for a divorce.

Yet in New York, apart from desertion, which involves a seven-year wait, only adultery suffices for a legal split. Adultery caught in the act, at that, a nasty piece of legal trickery that has created the profession of paid co-respondents and made perjurers out of hundreds of thousands of presumably upright citizens who are either unable or unwilling to make the long trek to Reno or Las Vegas,

(Continued on Page 61)



Ingrid Bergman's career didn't suffer while having an extra-marital romance.



Charlie Chaplin, king of the pantomime comics, shown in early movie. When he was involved in a paternity suit, the courts and the fans thought it scandalous.

TWO PRIVATE EYEFULS



THE FRONT DOOR IS ANYTHING BUT EXCITING: A GRAY SLAB WITH PLAIN BLACK LETTERING. YOU READ THE WORDS "GROGAN DETECTIVE AGENCY" AND TURN THE KNOB CAUTIOUSLY, EXPECTING TO CONFRONT A RUGGED CIGAR SMOKER WHO WEARS HIS HAT INDOORS. YOU'RE STARTLED TO FIND YOURSELF IN A PLEASANT, NICELY FURNISHED ROOM, COMPLETE WITH PINK DRAPERIES, AND TWO OF THE PRETTIEST GIRLS YOU'VE EVER SEEN.







YDU SDDN DISCDVER THAT THERE REALLY ISN'T ANY GRDGAN—ONLY TDBY GRDVER AND BETH GANN. THEY'RE TWD VERY CLEVER GIRL DETECTIVES WHD GUARANTEE RESULTS—LIVING PRDOF THAT EVEN THE MDST SERIDUS BUSINESS CAN BE MIXED WITH A BIT DF PLEASURE.







"Come on, baby show the man how much you love me," Kimtou s

THE GUILTY INNOCENTS

By Rick Sargent

The kids looked innocent enough until Mike removed their masks and found them to be animals, but he wosn't sure obout the girl—nor himself, at the end.

The gas station attendant known as Mike Smith paid little attention to the young couple in the black Lincoln Continental with California license plates. They seemed like nice kids on a honeymoon. The boy seemed particularly interested in the fact that he knew this section of the Washington timber country so well.

"I grew up around here," Mike explained.

"You must know a lot of back roads, eh?" the kid asked. "Ways a guy could get clear to the Canadian border without hitting a main road?"

The question struck Mike as strange, but he saw no harm in answering. "Well, yes, I suppose it could be done." He glanced at the pump. "Five-fifty on the gas."

The kid reached for what Mike thought was a wallet. Instead his hand came out holding a snub nosed revolver. "Get in, buddy. You're going to be our guide."

The girl in the car with him was a saucy looking young blonde. She wore cream-colored jeans and a black T-shirt scooped out at the shoulders. Her breasts were large and nicely shaped.

Mike then realized these kids must be Tom Kimtou and Marcella Williams. Tom was wanted for a jailbreak three days ago in Yakima, both were wanted for armed robbery.

Carefully, Kimtou opened the door



and stepped out of the car, the gun steady on Mike. "Marcy, baby, you drive. I'll sit in the back and keep this guy covered."

"Swing, sweet daddy!" Marcy said and slid under the wheel. She laughed happily.

Kimtou jerked the gun to one side. "Now, you, get in."

With no alternative in sight, Mike walked around the car. Kimtou was close behind him.

Mike accepted the irony of the situation as he had come to accept many ironies in his life. He had arrived in this area three days earlier than he'd anticipated and took the job at the small, remote gas station to fill in the time until he was to meet Abe Slocum. Abe was bringing him money and a passport. They were to meet at Crawford's Crossing, an abandoned mining camp, tomorrow morning at seven o'clock. It now appeared he wasn't going to be there.

Mike was in his early thirties. The last year especially had aged him. He looked at least forty. He was six-feet one-inch tall, of medium build, and had the deep tan that comes with labor in the outdoors. His shoulders were a trifle round—a carry-over from his former profession of accountant.

To stay within fifteen miles of Crawford's Crossing, Mike directed Marcy so that she drove in a large circular course. He knew this pair was so hot they'd never get close to the Canadian border.

Without much hope, he said, "Look, you're not wanted for anything serious yet. But get caught with me and you face a kidnapping charge. Let me out here and I'll keep quiet. You've got enough hanging over you, and I don't want to be involved."

Marcy laughed. "Kidnapping? So who's worried about one more charge? Besides, Tom's too smart to let them catch us."

"Watch a few old movies on television and see what happens to people who think that."

Smugly, Marcy told him, "Man, we're not like those nothings on teevee. Tom's got it figured. We get up to Canada, we're going to cool it. When the money runs low, bam—we drop down to the States and knock over a bank or supermarket and cut right back to Canada."

"Banks? Supermarkets?" Mike said smiling "You're getting pretty big ideas."

"Hey, man," Kimtou said, "you getting wise?"

Innocently Mike answered, "No, not at all, but you've never tried anything bigger than a gas station."

"Ah, that stuff—just practice," Marcy said, "just practice, man, that's all. But from now on, it's *strictly* big time. Ain't that right, Tom-cat?"

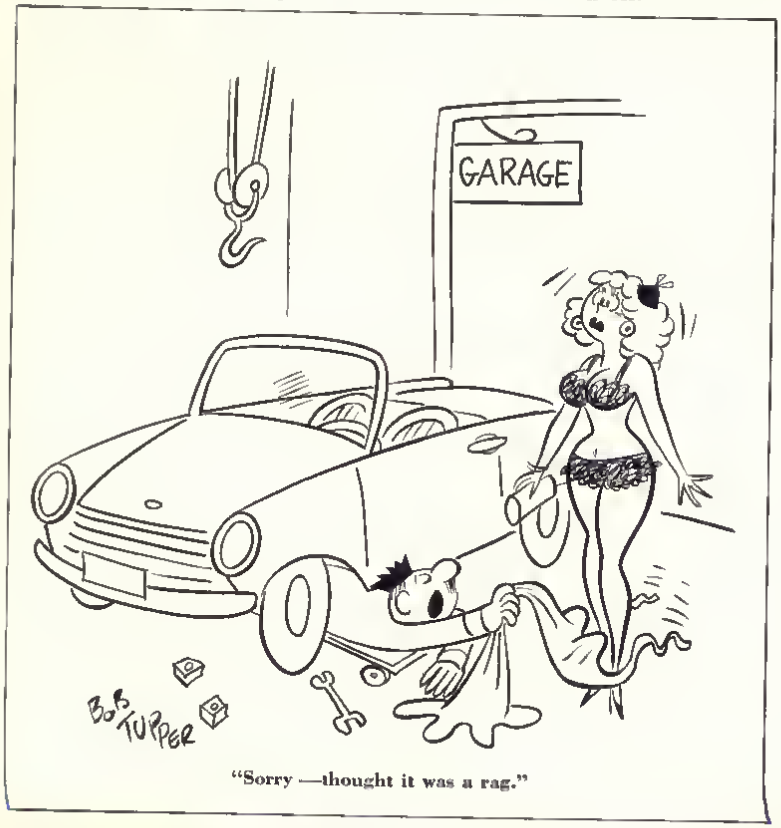
"Yeah," Kimtou said, "that's the scene."

Kimtou was in a talkative mood now and told Mike about some of his clever, daring holdups. Mike wasn't impressed. He'd heard a thousand better songs sung to the same tune. His attention picked up suddenly when Kimtou began telling about his jailbreak in Yakima.

"There was this little guy in the next cell, see, and I offered to break him out too, but he wasn't having any. You know what they had this jerk for? Nothing. Not a damn thing. He stayed at some fleabag hotel and somebody noticed he had a load of money and tipped the cops. They pulled him in and it turns out he ain't *nothing*. Then some cop remembers this guy—Abe Slocum—was buddy-buddy with Paul Maxton—"

Mike jerked up straight in the seat. The two names had hit him hard as bullets.

"—And at first they figure the money's part of the million bucks Maxton embezzled. Man, they question this baldheaded little weasel all night, and then they check and find out it's a false alarm. He owns this sleazy car lot or something and the money's legit. They still had him there when I took off."



"Sorry —thought it was a rag."

Mike tried to pretend he'd paid no more attention to that than to any of the others, but it had shaken him badly. Abe and he had been friends since childhood. And now, because Abe had agreed to help him, he was in a mess. Mike could well imagine the skinny, stooped little man sweating under police questioning. By now, they undoubtedly knew about the rendezvous at Crawford's Crossing. Had he not been kidnapped by Kimtou, he would have walked into a stakeout.

It was becoming dark now and Mike felt more confidence in his ability to misdirect them. And as the shock diminished, he began working out a desperate plan.

"Looks like some deserted shacks up ahead there," Mike said, looking over his shoulder at Kimtou. "How about spending the night there?"

"Not a chance," Marcy answered. "We're going straight to the border."

Kimtou however, looked contemplative. "No, I think the guy's got something. It won't do us no harm to rest a few hours."

Soon after they were out of the car, Marcy took some cans of pork and beans from the trunk and started a fire.

Herding Mike along with the gun, Kimtou strolled a short distance away to look at the sheer cliff that plunged several thousand feet into the darkness. When he saw what Marcy was doing, he stalked back to her and kicked out the fire. "You stupid broad! You want every cop in the state here?"

"Okay, okay." She seemed about to cry.

Sitting on the rickety steps of one of the four shacks, they ate the beans cold.

An hour passed in virtual silence. Kimtou nervously walked in circles as though he didn't know what to do with himself. Suddenly he grinned at Marcy. He walked over and stopped close in front of her. "Hey, sweet baby, how about it?"

Marcy winced and looked down at the white toes of her tennis shoes. She seemed embarrassed. But as though she knew better than to argue, she said very softly, "Okay—come on inside." She started to stand up.

Kimtou put his hand on her shoulder, slamming her back down. "What, and leave our guest all alone? No, baby, I mean just stay where you are."

Marcy looked at Mike and then back to Kimtou. "I won't. Not with him watching."

Kimtou pinched her cheek hard enough to hurt. "Oh, come on, show the man how much you love me."

"No, Tom . . ."

Viciously, he put his thumb under her nose and jerked it upward. "Don't give me that crap. I want you—*now!*"

Quietly, Mike said, "Look, if you want some privacy, I'll go inside one of the shacks, lock the door or something."

"You do nothing, man, nothing, except sit and watch. You got that?" Kimtou slapped Marcy across the face. "Come on, baby, get with it."

Scared and pale, Marcy obeyed him.

When it was over, Kimtou grinned at Mike. "See, man, you got to train 'em to do what you want when you want it—you dig?"

"She's trained all right," Mike admitted.

Marcy, covering her face with her hands and crying, ran to the edge of the clearing and out of sight. Kimtou laughed at the sobbing sounds from the darkness.

After a few minutes, Kimtou ordered her to come back and guard Mike.

He hugged her and kissed her forehead. "You're the greatest! Still love me?"

She looked up at him. "Sure, Tom I . . . I'm okay now."

Kimtou handed her the gun and ambled off to sleep in the car.

When Kimtou began snoring, Mike looked at the girl. She sat on a barrel eight feet in front of him, the gun resting on her knee. "It was a pretty rotten thing of him to make you do that. I'm sorry but you saw I had no choice about watching."

"Aw, what the hell," Marcy said, "I don't mind."

"Do you love him?"

"You're damn right I do."

"Why?"

"Because he's the toughest, hardest, *all man* I ever met. He's got guts, you know. Real guts. He's not afraid of anything."

"Just as long as he has a gun."

"Stow it, man, I know better. He's solid all the way."

Mike took another track and asked how she'd gotten mixed up with Kimtou.

Marcy told him she'd hated the college her parents sent her to, and she had started hanging around with a swinging, tough crowd to annoy them. It didn't annoy them—they didn't even notice it. Not, at least, until she brought Kimtou down from her room to breakfast one morning. Her mother had ordered him out of the house and Marcy went with him. Neither had any money, and that night they'd knocked over the first of many gas stations. Marcy's part had been to park half a block away and pick up Tom after he'd gotten the money. Only once, when Tom took too long and she'd driven into the station to pick him up, had she actually been identified.

When she finished, Mike said, "Listen to me, Marcy. You're not in very deep yet. Tom is, but you aren't. With your parents' help, you could probably get off with a year or two, if that. But stay with this kid, and you'll wind up facing a murder rap. Believe me, I know. I've seen this same kid with a dozen different faces."

Marcy sneered. "I'll bet. You've probably never been more than fifty yards from that dumb gas station."

Mike gave her a grim little smile and shook his head. "Marcy, the name's not Mike Smith. It's Paul Maxton."

"You, Paul Maxton? Don't make me laugh! Tell me you're Batman, maybe."

Quickly he told her how he had been framed for embezzlement and sent to prison. Three years had turned him bitter. He started talking escape and soon found an older con who plotted the break with him. They made it over the wall only to find a guard with a shotgun confronting them. Mike had raised his hands in surrender, but his partner grabbed the guard and cut his throat. "That makes me just as guilty of murder as if I'd done it. I'm wanted for murder. I know what it feels like to be hunted, Marcy, and I know now that escaping is the biggest mistake a man can make. In a few years, I'd have gotten out on parole, but I couldn't wait. I've no choice but to keep going until they get me. But you do have a choice, Marcy. For God's sake, get away from Kimtou—give yourself up."

"Man, you're out of your skull! Tom loves me."

"Hey, knock it off! I'm trying to sleep!"

Before Marcy could stop him, Mike called out, "We were talking about you."

Kimtou quickly climbed out of the car. He walked toward them like a bear outraged at having its hibernation disturbed. "Oh yeah? And what you got to say about me?"

"Nothing, darling," Marcy told him. "Go on back and get some sleep."

"I wouldn't say it was nothing," said Mike. "I remarked that without a gun you were a coward."

Kimtou's mouth dropped open, his eyes seeming to bulge even more than usual.

"I said, *without the gun* you were a coward." Mike stood up, hands still at his sides but ready. "Come on, Kimtou, prove I'm wrong."

Kimtou ran at him, his arms up like chicken wings, but his huge fists were closed like twin sledgehammers. He swung first one, then the other, in hard, vicious arcs.

Mike easily danced out of range. He knew he was playing a dangerous game. If Kimtou ever landed one of those awkward blows, it could cave in a man's chest. And he knew Kimtou might try to wrestle him. If the heavy kid ever got a good hold on Mike, he might not stop.

Mike also knew his own limitations. Prison contests taught him he was a fair, but far from great, boxer. He moved in fast and light and landed a left to the forehead and was out of range before Kimtou threw a hard right.

He weaved and bobbed as Kimtou threw a steady series of deadly punch-

(continued on page 72)

The Candid Side of Candy





Interviewing Candy Nelson is one of the sweetest jobs in the world, if one could even call it a job. Candy is an alert, frank young lady who incidentally, measures a cool 38 — 25 — 36. Our first question was, what are the three things you like most? Her reply: "Life, love, and the pursuit!" "Of happiness?" we asked. "No, just the pursuit," she laughed









Concerning her first embarrassing moment, a question we like to ask all the girls, Candy filled us in on this interesting bit: "I was very embarrassed one time at a swimming pool. I was wearing a bikini and I love to dive off the high board. When I hit, my suit came clear off!"





On the subject of men: "I like a man to be attentive, but not a pest, and I don't like phonies. I won't fall for a line, but I do admire a man who's honest with me." On women, Candy told us: "Catty women are a drag, but I've found that most women are sincere with me. I like sophisticated girls, those who are not afraid to stand up to men." Sophisticated is candid Candy!


HOLLYWOOD

IN TOWN OR BUST?

By Max Samson





Some writers would have you believe that tinseltown is one big taffy pull and outdoor cookout. Oh yeah? Just get a load of this!

To read the endless stories about young, married screen stars in the fan magazines, life in Hollywood, away from the cameras, consists of endless taffy-pulls, cook-outs and home redecoration achievements interrupted by lemonade parties complete with charades.

To read the more serious articles about Hollywood home life (serious in the sense that they are artfully designed to present an "image"

of the screen capital in close accord with national lower-middle-class morality), these same couples do everything offscreen together, including impromptu "acting" duets all over the Los Angeles area in an effort to increase their artistic stature.

What about the well hallowed (and hollowed) tradition of orgies and the studio casting couches on which prospective actresses give their all for cinema success?

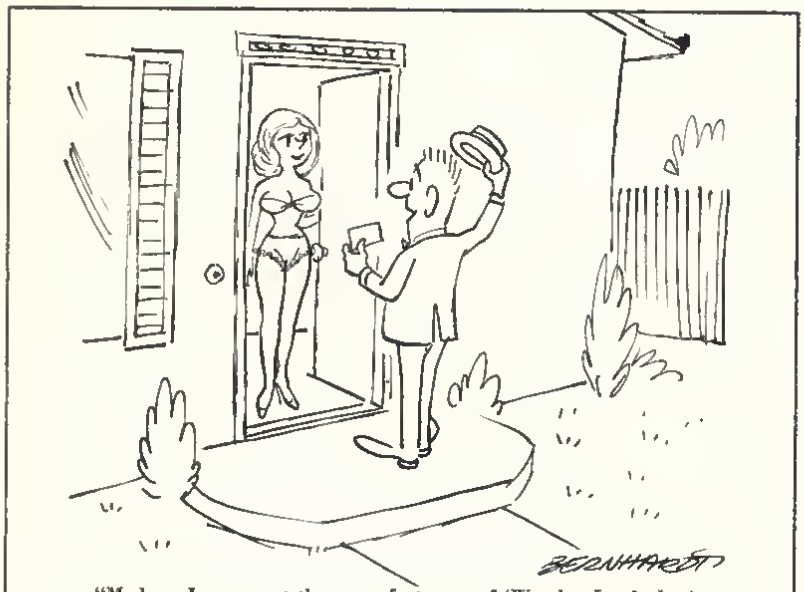
Such sinful practices have long gone the way of the klieg light, the hand-cranked camera and Cecil B. DeMille. Or so they say.

Hollywood, they tell us, is today a serious place. Faced with collapsing studios, TV competition, runaway productions and improved foreign films, the screen capital no longer has room for the frivolous, the frolicsome — to say nothing of the random sex-pleasures on which much of its glamour was built.

So a television star gets trapped by police parading in the nude and brandishing a marijuana cigarette at a hilltop party frequented by similarly clad and equipped revelers of both sexes. So a young woman sticks a lethal carving knife in the carefully groomed gut of the lover of her much-divorced mother, a film star. So a he-man film idol is forced into rapid marriage with bis agent's secretary lest word of his homosexual activities be believed by John Q. Public.

Oh well, say the image-builders, it must be remembered that these people live under extraordinary pressures, and some of them need extraordinary outlets now and then. Hollywood today is not like that at all. It's a hard-working place, too hard-working for the roisterer to long survive.

Okay, that's what they say for public consumption. The reality is something else again — something a lot closer to the old silent-film Hollywood that made more headlines with its offscreen didoes than it did via its super-colossals.



"Madam, I represent the manufacturers of 'Weather-Last' plastic siding, the revolutionary new material that will add permanent beauty and protection to your home; save you thousands of dollars in fuel and upkeep, and as a special introductory offer I am well prepared to — HOLY MACKEREL!"

Listen to what one young veteran writer, long a major-studio assistant director, has to say. Let's call him Barry, because that is not his name, and he wants to continue working in pictures.

"You know what a front is?" he asks. "In most places, it means putting up a facade to keep up with the Joneses. But not out here.

"Here a front is a guy like me — or the sort of guy I was when I was hanging around a studio trying to get a break. I played the front bit plenty of times. All it means is that you appear in public with the girl some director or producer is sleeping with.

"He doesn't want it known — maybe he's married or heavily involved with some babe who can hurt his reputation. So he has somebody like me take the girl out. Then, he wanders into the saloon, stag, sees us and joins me because he knows me. You can guess who goes home with the babe, though."

Barry agreed that this sort of assignment can be frustrating at times — especially when the girl involved is not only stacked, but ready, willing and able. Since bis job depends upon keeping his hands off, the front usually spends a miserable evening.

Yet his is the name linked with tbe babe's by the gossip columnists

"Once in awhile you get a break, though," Barry went on. "Like the night I fronted for a couple of directors at a ball game in Chavez Ravine. They were dolls, too — both of them.

"Their real dates were supposed to pick them up in the box about the eighth inning and take them to a prearranged hideaway. They showed up, all right — but just as they headed toward us, a certain columnist spotted them and headed for them. They went right by the girls as if they had never heard of them for fear of being written up

"Were those girls sore! They were so sore, in fact, that they went home with me — both of them. That's one night I like to remember. For once, the poor front got away with the goodies."

The front technique is one expedient scandal-wary Hollywood biggies employ to avoid the glare and blare of publicity in the wrong places — as well as to keep the latter-day Hollywood image relatively spotless.

According to Barry, they have others as well.

"You remember that Jack Lemmon-Shirley MacLaine movie, *The*

Apartment?" he continued. "The one where all the big-shots where he worked used his apartment for their extra-curricular lovemaking? Well, for a while I was in almost the same spot. I had a place near the studio, and the boys used it the same way.

"The thing that used to get me down was that none of them ever had the guts to come right out and say what they wanted it for. They'd tell me they wanted the place for a couple of hours so they could study a script away from studio interference — or hold a hush-hush conference — or maybe just for a sorely needed, undisturbed nap.

"*They* knew what they wanted it for, *I* knew what they wanted it for, they *knew* I knew what they wanted it for — but they always came up with the same stock alibis. Then they always slipped a ten or twenty under the clock on the mantelpiece.

"I got so I thought they were all phonies."

In days of yore, before such pussyfooting became the order of the day, the two major sources of supply for screen executives in search of compliant cuties were Hollywood madam Lee Francis and the late Sid Grauman, whose chorus lines at his two theaters, the Chinese and the Egyptian, were always available to the bigwigs.

The old Drake Hotel on Hollywood Boulevard was the chief mecca for meretricious amorous activity, and nobody gave much of a damn, because sex was an accepted part of the Hollywood image, both onscreen and off.

Today, while movies are hotter than ever, those who make them are supposed to live like the couple next door in suburbia — a lot more circumspectly in most cases. Lee Francis has long since retired from the field, Sid Grauman is dead, the old Drake, like Hollywood itself, has run down to anonymous shabbiness under another name.

As a rule, the free-wheeling call-girls who cater to Los Angeles upper-case sex whimsies are not favored by the film bigwigs.

Why not?

"Because," Barry explained, "the boys are afraid of them. They have no control over them. In the old days, they knew a Lee Francis or a Sid Grauman could keep the girls in line. They weren't afraid of being blackmailed or bullied for parts by babes they had slept with.

"In the latter days of the big studios, there were always the starlets. Every studio kept a bevy of these nubile young beauties under contract. They paid them in peanuts. Seventy-five to one-and-a-quarter a week was the average starlet contract — and the options came up every six months. If a girl didn't play ball, she was dropped. And once they got a taste of big-studio prestige, that was a fate worse than a-fate-worse-than-death, if you dig me . . .?"

With the collapse of the major studios, sex in the film industry has become pretty much a catch-as-catch-can affair. But it still goes on, as often if not as comfortably as before, even though it has been sedulously ruled out of the film capital image.

About the only big star who still lives it up in the high, wide, handsome, devil-may-care tradition of yore is Frank Sinatra. And this energetic entertainer's policy has always been one of safety in numbers. His love-life has been so frenetic over several decades that any girl who goes with him knows she is one of a large and colorful parade.

However, few filmmakers possess the vitality and stamina of this phenomenal crooner. And today, even Sinatra is beginning to show symptoms of wear and tear. He can hardly go on forever.

Who will follow him?

Who knows?

But it's a safe bet there will continue to be sex in Hollywood as long as there are thousands of beautiful newcomers every year eager to do anything that will get them footage in films or TV.



"Who was that masked man?"

And don't blame the men. After all, they're human, too. Just don't believe everything you read in the fan or other magazines about Hollywood as a place your maiden aunt Aggie would find as homey as a plate of her own raisin-ginger cookies.

They still swing in Hollywood — no matter how the press agents try to convince the world they don't.

●●●





Rochelle Larchmont is an ardent enthusiast of the "dragster races," though she isn't an active auto driver in them. This gal is a model who suddenly became the pin-up gal of a Southern California hotrod club. She found it an exciting spectator sport, and works actively for the club as secretary

HOTRODDERS' PIN-UP







Rochelle lives in Pomona, California and since has become one of racing's wildest enthusiasts, she can often be found at the big new Riverside Raceway, in nearby Riverside, watching some of the sizzling, exciting stock car races. When Rochelle dates, however, she insists her date drive under the speed limits, as speed scares her.













COMEDY IS BIG



A look at the top-ranked funnymen of the entertainment business reveals a startling fact: with notable exceptions, most of them are frustrated, booze-belters, dope addicts, or at the least—extreme hypochondriacs And —all of them have the same belief —that he alone is the king of the comics.

The notable exceptions are Jack Benny, Red Skelton and Bob Hope. Most of the others seem to fit the image of insecure, egotistical clowns who fancy themselves as Pagliacci, the tragic figure—the court jester who constantly bemoans his lot in life.

Take a look at a few. Lennie Bruce, of the dirty mouth, constantly in trouble with the law—not just for his foul language, generously sprinkled with four-letter words, but for possession of narcotics. Then there is probably the sharpest satirist to come along in fifty years—Oscar Levant, whose every waking moment is a nightmare of fearfully-taken pills, injections, and a series of visits to sanitariums. Then there is Shelley Berman, neurotic, sensitive—hated by behind-the-scenes workers in clubs and theaters, for his senseless vicious tirades against their working methods. On a national TV show Berman threatened everything from lawsuit to mayhem and suicide, after a telephone rang backstage during his act on stage. That he lost viewing friends is undeniable; yet, Berman seemed unable to stop himself and goes merrily on his way, paid for being funny—yet constantly boring the audience with paranoic accusations against other show business persons, or more than boring account of his child's antics.

That comics have long been bread-and-butter for psychoanalysts is well documented; but one of the top comics who has not chosen to take his problems for a couch airing typifies the rest of the big name comics. Namely — Gleason, The Great.

But Jackie Gleason, ex-burlesque

TV "Top Banana," Jackie Gleason.

BUSINESS

BY SCOTT RAINEY / MOST FUNNYMEN SEEM SIMPLE HUMANS WITH A TALENT FOR MAKING FUNNY FACES OR FUNNY REMARKS, BUT IT USUALLY TURNS OUT THAT THEY HAVE MANY HIDDEN TALENTS AND HUMAN FAULTS. ONE THING THEY ALL HAVE IS A KING-SIZE EGO.

comic, now a long-time favorite of television fans, is a contradiction, in many ways. The most asked question of Gleason, by fans and press alike, is "Do you really have booze in that teacup, when you're on camera?" The answer is, yes. Though Gleason makes little effort to hide it, a couple of reporters, frustrated at finding out that the "boozing" image of Dean Martin was just a gimmick, found out for themselves. Gleason does nip at a hefty shot of booze during his monologue sessions, or while talking to guests.

But in his private life, Gleason is more hard to figure than in his many-faceted roles on TV, from Joe the Bartender to The Poor Soul.

Now 50, Gleason drinks straight scotch like it was going out of style, both on and off stage. He believes sincerely, that he is the world's top comic—but that isn't all. He also feels he is a leading dramatic actor (which he has proven), writer (he writes a lot of his own material), golfer (which he is not), designer (he often designs sets, costumes, even buildings), drinker (most of his cronies can drink him under the table), musician and conductor (his Jackie Gleason albums like *Music for Lovers Only*, have sold in the millions), and bon-vivant (he has opinions on *everything*), and is a regular at Toots Shor's, where the "in" crowd of show biz hang out, in New York.



Jackie Gleason, king of the "mug" comics, is welcomed to Miami by Greece's Kiriaki Tsopei, 1964 Miss Universe. He moved show to Miami.

Here's the oddity: in music, for example, Gleason tries to pass himself off as a king-sized Leonard Bernstein, but he cannot read music nor play an instrument. In spite of this, he *has* written some fine tunes, including the theme of his weekly TV show. He bangs at the piano with one hand only, and when he is "on"—that is, performing (it takes only an audience of one to put Gleason "on")—he makes amusing asides, as he "composes."

"I wanted to write a drinking song," he will say dreamily, "but I never got past the first two bars." Or he will explain his theory thus: "You feel in the dumps, and this broad comes by, with the sunlight behind her, and she has no slip on —" he fiddles with a couple of bright notes—"so you write music to fit the mood." And, strangely enough, he *does* come up with some fair "situation" music. He has recorded 34 albums, grossing over $18 million (they lead the country's list on instrumental music).

Explaining it, Gleason immodestly says, "I just knew what the country and the world needed. I was watching a Clark Gable movie, and I figure—if Gable needs soft, sexy music to make out with a broad—what about the poor slob from Brooklyn, in a dingy flat, with a bottle of beer and his broad?"

Gleason, some of his detractors say, is a boring, hammy cornball. He is a dame-chaser, yet—a devout Catholic who is separated—plays the game by unfair rules, according to the Broadway wiseguy evaluation. If he wasn't a success, most Broadwayites and show biz people would shun him like the plague. He monopolizes the conversation, the drinks, the spotlight. He steps on the lines of other comics, or personalities who seem to be getting the lion's share of attention—deliberately. Oddly, Gleason is one of the few comics who is strictly "for the East." He has never been a success in any club west of Miami or New York, and his TV show gets its lowest ratings in the west and midwest. He has never scored at any of the Las Vegas casinos, or West Coast nightclubs.

He's from Brooklyn, and so successful was he in the Saturday night prime time, that he has a contract with CBS which brings him over $2000 a week—whether he is on TV or not—so long as he does not appear on any other TV network.

(Continued on Page 66)


A
FEELING
FOR
PLEASURE



Mark Twain said it: "The difference between the right word and almost the right word is the difference between lightning and the lightning bug." In searching for a word to describe Dianne Peters we didn't need to consult a thesaurus or the dictionary. We just took one look at her and the correct word was on the tip of our tongue so to speak: winsome. According to our word guide, the word "winsome" means giving pleasure or delight. This is winsome Dianne then, who has a feeling for pleasure.







Dianne has a motto over her door that says: "By happy alchemy of mind/They turn to pleasure all they find." Matthew Green. It sums up her own philosophy. "I try to look for the good things in life, not the bad. If I find that life gets a little rough, I look for a way to find some pleasure," Dianne explains. It seems to work!





Dianne is not all pleasure-bent, that is she does not live what some may call a frivolous life. It's just that she makes her own attitude a winsome one so that others are affected by it. "And it works too," she says. "If I'm grouchy, others will be grouchy, so I try to be always pleasant." As said, winsome is the word!







In her determination to become a sex symbol, Marilyn Monroe broke some men's hearts.





Dick Haymes was just one of many mates whom Rita Hayworth divorced in her heyday.

Sex isn't always what it seems to be, and in the marriage gambit, it can prove to be a checkmate!

The Sexpot Failures

BY TED HOWARD

It was what, over the long years, has come to be called another "typical Hollywood divorce." Both the star herself and her handsome and wealthy young husband issued statements to a presumably eager press through their attorneys to the effect that they parted "good friends" and that each "entertained only the deepest respect for" the other.

You know the routine unless you confine your reading entirely to hot-rodding, scuba diving or treatises on higher mathematics.

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What the star involved said in confidence to her friends — oh, yes, she had two — was unprintable. However, the gist of it ran, "The stupid blankety blank didn't know anything. All he wanted to do was go to bed with me."

This was highly unfair on two counts — one, because the young man in question was far from stupid — two, because the star herself had been widely and successfully exploited on the movie screens of the world as a sex-goddess in the ever-loving flesh.

Being less articulate, or at least less outspoken, than his ex-mate, Freddy, the young man in the case, said little. He was heard to mutter in his cups, however, words to the effect that if he ever married again it would not be to a professional sexpot.

Fully recovered from the shock of matrimony, he has been repeatedly linked with a succession of plush-lined stunners. None of whom has been able to lead, push or force him to the altar.

It is a basic truism of man-woman relationships that anyone who can be happy only in highly sexed bedmanship with a member of the opposite gender should avoid matrimony like the bubonic plague until the years of high-potency lie behind.

Marriage is check-mate to a relationship based on sex, even where children are avoided, or impossible, even where business, household and financial erosions do not rust away the fine mettle of physical, mutual joy.

There is a deep truth hidden in the mildly ribald old story about the rapturous newlyweds who informed their doctor they wanted some method of keeping score less complicated than hanging a billiard-marker over their bed.

The physician, a canny and sage



"I sure hope you're not like this on our honeymoon."

old soul, suggested with a twinkle in his eye that they put a couple of two-quart cans on their night-table, one full of coffee beans, the other empty. Then, each time they made love, one of them could drop a bean into the empty jar.

Within a few months, the young husband called up and said, "Doc, we've filled the empty jar up. What do we do now?"

"Oh," replied the physician, "just repeat the process in reverse."

Three years later, when paying them a house-call, the wise old doctor noted without comment that each jar was only half full and that they had been stored on a shelf.

Such is the almost inevitable effect of marriage upon sex, even when no professional sexpot is involved.

When one is — look out. Disillusion for the husband is apt to be shattering, unless he knows the score and is wholly willing to face the consequences of matrimony with some latter-day Jean Harlow.

In the case of the classic platinum blonde, whose levels of society and education ran far higher than those of most of her love-goddess ilk, she demolished a youthful first marriage for the sake of a career, drove a mature second mate to suicide and was enamoured of William Powell when she died, while still in her twenties.

Or take Marilyn Monroe. When she took that overdose a couple of years back, everyone felt sorry for her. But nobody, either then or earlier, seems to have shed a tear over the plight of the trio of husbands she ran through in her determination to be a sexpot — young Daugherty; dour, gifted Arthur Miller or shy, easily embarrassed Joe DiMaggio.

Or what about the mates that somewhat less youthful erotic divinity, Rita Hayworth left strewn in her wake? Surely one or two of them, from Ed Judson, through Orson Welles, the Ali Khan, Dick Haymes and the others, must have a shattering story to tell.

What about the shredded husbandly discords of Lana, or Liz, or Jayne? Tallulah, no mean international sex-image herself in her day, showed more wisdom, avoiding the matrimonial elephant trap for a number of frenetic and fun-filled decades.

When she finally let actor John Emery lead her to the altar, the domestic battles that raged from Hollywood to New York's Hotel Elysee left in the surrounding atmosphere the acrid aroma of charred ozone that follows only the fiercest of thunderclaps.

Emery, it appeared, had not only looks and style but character as well — and, being an actor, he knew the ropes as well as his bride.

But he flew the coop within a matter of months, emitting loud cries of having been trapped in a lioness' cage. Not being a total idiot, he never went back for more, despite the fact that Miss Bankhead has been, for some 45 years, one of the most fascinating females alive.

Also, one of the sexiest.

Yet, many a living sex-goddess has proved a loving bedmate to one of her worshippers over long periods of years — but only as long as neither nor both of them committed the heinous crime of matrimony.

At least, not to each other.

Even the wisest, most sophisticated male, is bound in time or at moments to find himself resentful of the fact that every male who comes within a mile of his spouse immediately goes into the weaving and bobbing movements of the mating dance. If he doesn't simply go goggle-eyed and commence drooling.

Then, of course, there are other drawbacks to marriage to a sexpot. If she's an amateur, she's going to have to test her wings every so often on some man other than her husband. If she's a pro, the panting groom will be lucky to get a chance once a week.

Even a honeymoon with such a sweet patootie brings on problems — most of them people — not to be found in non-professional nuptials. Remember, when Joe and Marilyn got married and decided to honeymoon on a trip to Japan, where he was engaged to tour with

(continued on page 65)

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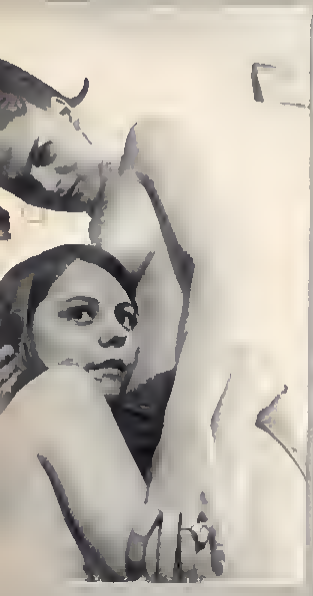
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RUN-THROUGH FOR TWO







"Run-through," in the language of the theater, has a very different meaning than it does in the parlance of fencing. Joni and Rita aren't about to thrust swords through one another—they're in the midst of rehearsing a play. The girls are carrying on like brave thespian troopers, even though they're faced with a tremendous problem.



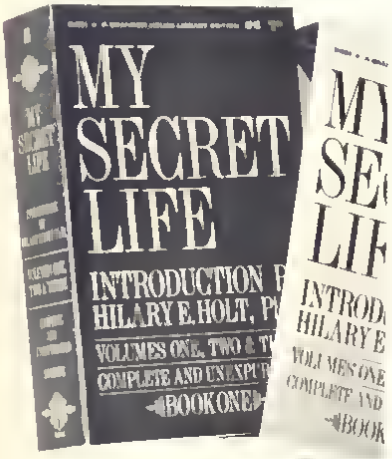






These two are members of a New York amateur theater group, and they're rehearsing for the premier of a new play. It's a difficult, avant-garde piece for three characters, and the girls have put a lot of work into it. However, their leading man is not quite as ambitious as they are. He's already missed nearly half of the rehearsals. As a result, Joni has had to play his part as well as her own during run-throughs. "It's a very tiring thing to keep up," says Joni. "Jumping back and forth between bass and soprano voices can wear out your vocal cords. It's also very confusing." Rita agrees with this, and they're both hoping the guy will show up soon. They shouldn't be too hard on him. Any man who misses a date with these girls must have a darn good reason.





Introduction by Hilary E. Holt, Ph.D.

Because the anonymous author's posthumous instructions to destroy his memoirs unread were disobeyed, historians were provided with an amazing and valuable sociological and psychological document that reveals the secret sex life of 19th century England as candidly as a Kinsey Report — in simpler language.

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(continued from page 11)

was having an affair with someone. She is *always* having an affair with someone, as you will find out for yourself, if you marry her. Am I correct in assuming that you two idiots fancy yourselves to be in love? Or at least that *you* do?"

"We are very deeply in love, *m'sieu!*" said D'Arcy in an injured tone. The look on his handsome face showed that he meant it. His fine, dark, wide-spaced eyes were intent. "Would I kill over an infatuation?"

"Would either of you know the difference?" said Poincare cynically. "Well, if so, I am indeed surprised. I thought Marie had better taste. You are good-looking enough, and probably a bearcat in the bedroom — but Marie usually prefers artists, writers, or young noblemen." He frowned as D'Arcy again moved the locomotive along the tracks: "Please stop handling my trains, if you don't mind! Until you kill me, damn it, you are still my butler! Those trains are very delicate. That particular locomotive was specially built for me, and cost fifteen-thousand francs! Every rivet in it is real!"

"You talk loudly for a man about to die," said D'Arcy. But he took his hand off the locomotive

"If I'm about to die," Poincare shrugged, "I will talk as loudly as I please."

He shifted his bulky form in his seat, and regarded the complicated switchboard in front of him. The switchboard was studded with dozens of toggles, dials, knife-switches, gauges and meters. It was the central control-board for his electric-train layout, which was the largest and most expensive in all France, possibly in Europe. The train-layout was located in the basement of Poincare's mansion, where the two men now were.

The layout was spread out over an enormous waist-level platform, fifty by a hundred feet — nearly an eighth of an acre. It included, along its 1700 feet of tracks, two dozen stations, an entire small town, farms, bridges, mountains with tunnels through, a river which flowed with real water to a four-foot waterfall, highways with cars that moved along, two huge freigbtyards, three roundhouses, over sixty trains of varying types, and a jetliner that circled overhead at the press of a button. Everything was complete with sound-effects, from a hidden hi-fi.

Fluorescent lamps glowed softly overbead. Facing the magnificent set-up were chairs and divans and a small bar. The walls over the train-layout were painted to simulate distant mountains and sky. Part of the sky was cloudy, and Poincare, at the touch of a button, could bring rain upon that portion of hills — a misty rain of non-rusting alcohol. The rest of the room's walls were paneled in warm mahogany. The room was most comfortable, and Poincare often entertained friends tbere — those wbo were as fascinated by his wonderful toy as he was.

"Detective Inspector Henri Clouset," murmured Poincare. He touched a switch, and, sixty feet away from him, a freight-train purred into motion.

"Eh?" said D'Arcy.

"My friend, Clouset," Poincare said. "He will be the one to investigate my murder, of course. He will ask for the case. He will probably weep. Poor Clouset — for forty years we bave been such friends! I have left my trains to him in my will, you know. He loves them as I do, and is as expert with them."

"Fine," said D'Arcy. "Marie and I shall be bappy to deliver the silly things to bim."

"He will work and work to find my killer," said Poincare. "He is formidable. For your sake, that gun had better not be traceable — and I advise you to throw it far into the sea!"

"Ah, but no!" smiled D'Arcy. "He will not look for any killer, because your death will be a tragic accident! Did you really think I planned to *shoot* you?"

"What, then?" said Poincare, looking up in interest. He was playing with the controls on his switchboard. Seven trains were in motion now — two freights, five passengers. A large panel with colored lights was mounted on the wall above the switchboard. Some of the white lights were moving, indicating

the locations of trains. Red lights indicated closed switches; green lights, open ones.

D'Arcy watched Poincare manipulating the controls, and his lips curled. "Even near death," he said, "you find time to play with that asinine thing. Perhaps your ghost will return to haunt us, eh, by honking the diesel horn at night!"

Poincare pushed a button, and the diesel horn honked. "I'd like that," he grinned. "Now, how do you plan to kill me?"

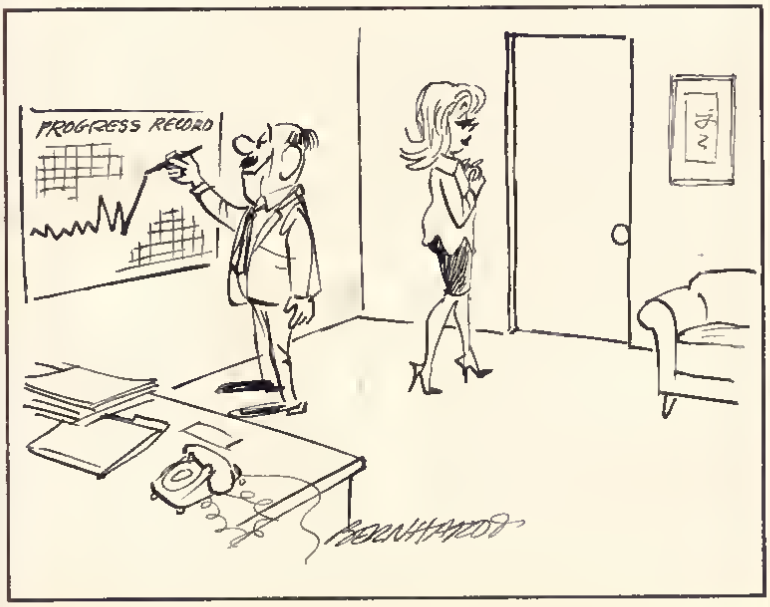
The door opened and Marie came in. She wore only a negligee. Her curves were enough to turn any man's fingers into iron claws. Her blonde hair fell to her shoulders. Her blue eyes were irritated. "Imagine!" she said to D'Arcy. "That damned maid didn't *want* to take her night off. She kept insisting that she would prefer Saturday! I finally got rid of her by telling her that we were planning a party for Saturday, and would need her." She gave her husband the barest glance: "Are we ready?"

"Quite ready," said D'Arcy. "To answer your question, *M'sieu* Poincare — you are going to die from a high-voltage electrical shock. There —" he pointed, "is your 220 line, where it enters through the basement wall, above that silly bridge over that silly river. You will notice that I have carefully molested the conduit and frayed the insulation, so that the hot line is exposed. Perhaps you did not know that at that point the conduit was *already* imperfect, and the insulation somewhat damaged!"

"I knew," sighed Poincare. "Yes, it was a potentially very dangerous situation. It happened years ago, when I added that section of the train-system. A workman dropped a 4 x 4 beam against the conduit. My friend Clouset has often warned me that I'd better have it tended to." He touched a switch on the board, and a train began to move. All the others were stopped now. "I have mentioned it to Marie of course. So that is your murder weapon . . ."

"We have experimented," nodded D'Arcy. "If a train comes down that hill fast enough, it will pile up at the bridge. It is quite possible that one of the cars might be thrown upward into the air — high enough to contact the 220 line. At which point, the 200 voltage would enter the train system. Now, if you should happen to be touching a track when that occurred . . ."

"What a shame," murmured Poincare. "It will burn out half the system." He brought the last train to a stop, studied the lights on the



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board for a moment, then swung to face them. His face looked weary.

"You're insane!" said Marie. She laughed. "To think of your damned trains, at such a time!"

"I was insane," said Poincare, "to have married you." He shifted in his chair: "Electrocution is an unpleasant way to die, D'Arcy. I shall not do so willingly. *So!*" And he launched himself from the chair, in a desperate attack upon the man with the gun.

D'Arcy didn't shoot. He dropped the gun, and received the attack with spread arms. Poincare was powerfully built, but old. D'Arcy was young, and as powerful. He chopped one blow into Poincare's middle, where it probably wouldn't show. Then he held the gasping older man easily.

Marie sat down at the switchboard. She pushed a button, and a train moved. It was not one of the trains which her husband had been moving about. The train went up one side of the long, five-foot-high hill. It came down the other side, and crashed in a heap against the bridge.

Marie put on the insulated gloves which Poincare kept for working on hot systems. She picked up one of the tumbled cars, and leaned it against the bridge. She placed another car on top of it, so that one end touched the 220 line. There was a *pop* and a *spark!* and 220 entered the train system. Smoke rose here and there in tiny coils, from burned-out gadgets. Insulation stank.

D'Arcy pushed Poincare across the nearest track, making sure to release him before he hit.

A blinding blue light, and another smell filled the room.

Detective Inspector Henri Clouset looked at the train-layout of his dead friend, in the basement of Poincare's mansion. Clouset was a dapper, graying man in Homburg and trenchcoat. His eyes were grief-stricken. He nodded, and said, "Clever. Very clever! An almost perfect murder." He turned to D'Arcy, who stood nearby. There were other detectives in the huge room, and a police photographer. Poincare's body lay under a blanket.

"You *swine!*" said Clouset to D'Arcy, face twisting. *"You are under arrest!"*

D'Arcy had sagged in his tracks at the word *murder*. Now he gasped, *"Arrest, m'sieu? Murder? I — ?"*

"What are you *saying?*" said Marie Poincare frantically. Her wide, frightened blue eyes looked from D'Arcy to the Inspector, and back again.

"Ah," said Clouset disgustedly. *"La femme*. Madame, you are *also* under arrest. You should not have looked at your butler so fervently, but at your poor dead husband!"

"You can never prove! — " she moaned.

"Shut up!" D'Arcy shouted to her.

"Prove?" asked Clouset tiredly. "Come, now. If one of you doesn't break under questioning, the other will. For I *know* that you killed him. The moment will come — today, tonight, tomorrow — when you cannot look me in the eye and deny it." He turned to the photographer and said: "Jacques — get a chair, and take a high-angle shot of those trains; those eight trains lined up close to the main road, behind and to the rear of the switchboard."

"Eh?" said Jacques, peering in bewilderment out over the extensive layout.

"Those," said Clouset patiently, pointing. He turned back to D'Arcy and Marie. "Your husband loved his trains, Madame," he said to her. "Why should he leave them in such ungainly array? It is unsightly, disorderly, and even dangerous — if one were to start the wrong train, there would be risk of collision. No, no — your husband would not have left them like that, ordinarily. I saw it the moment I entered . . ."

Jacques was using a Polaroid camera. Now he gave the Inspector the print.

Clouset offered the photo to the gaze of D'Arcy and Marie. "I await the truth," he said.

D'Arcy cursed and Marie sobbed.

Seen from above, the trains spelled: ●●●



(Continued from Page 177)

or undesirous of waiting the year required by California before an interlocutory decree becomes final.

Then there are the unwritten rules so blithely disregarded by Dr. Wood in his preachment, such as, in business, secrecy is important, and in drinking, that it is usually inadvisable to look a drunk in the eye.

Until recently, all classes in America held it indecent to sleep in the nude, a credo-item assiduously abetted by our nightwear manufacturers. The mere idea of indulging in sex while naked was held to be horrifying, at least for respectable folk, and respectability was then the common goal of almost everyone.

Many a married couple celebrated its golden anniversary without either husband or wife ever seeing the other totally unclothed. Furthermore, the wife who got a charge out of her husband's love-making did her best to conceal the fact, for it was an accepted rule of our society that only harlots abandoned themselves to voluptuous sensation

Even today, many citizens battle the onrushing bikini as if it came special delivery direct from Gehenna, and fight with the fury of draft-card burners against removal of fig-leaves from the classic genitalia of antique statuary in our museums.

That doctrine, repressive toward female enjoyment of sex and still deeply implanted in our social consciousness, is evidenced by the tidal wave of frustrated females who swamp psychiatrists in an effort to attain freedom from the sexual frigidity from which they suffer as a result of being brainwashed in childhood, by this rickety doctrine.

In speaking out against such restrictions and taboos, the Reverend Dr. Wood undoubtedly felt he was helping his sexually-ready audience of young women to rid themselves of emotional hobbles, carefully applied by conservative parents. But to tell the girls that rules and laws do not exist was like trying to avoid the growing menace of an aggressive Red China by pretending it isn't there.

National oddities of sexual custom and behavior are not confined to these United States, of course. In Italy, for example, if a man has a single affair with an attractive and willing married woman, the incident is shrugged off as just that—an incident.

But let him repeat this delightful experience, and both lover and beloved are eyeball deep in the minestrone as being involved in an acknowledged affair. The ardent male is saddled with all sorts of responsibilities as his inamorata's lover of title, and is expected to cherish, care for, and be faithful to her, despite her marital vows to another man.

He may even have to fight a duel with the husband, although this is most unlikely—hubby is more apt to be grateful to him for taking his wife off his hands, thus leaving him free to pursue the wives of other husbands.

The attitude toward unmarried girls in Italy, especially virgins, is much less casual Let a lustful lad bed such an untested signorina, and he may well find himself playing the unhappy title role in a drama called *The Assassinee*.

In France, where marriages are customarily arranged as property deals between parents, the husband is expected only to father his wife's children and maintain the home Otherwise, he is free to roam romantically with the wives of his friends, or to take a mistress from the willing ranks of those millions of young women whose lack of a dowery virtually precludes their ever getting married.

More than one American guest in French homes has been startled to hear a reputable husband's wife and daughters reproach him openly for neglecting his mistress in favor of other women, or for treating her shabbily in the matter of support.

In well-bred Spanish or Latin American circles, where strict chaperonage of all unmarried young women is a custom brought down from the time of Moorish occupation of most of the Iberian Peninsula, anything goes the moment the duenna, or chaperone, steps out of the room.

An American who accompanied a handsome young Spaniard on a visit to a shapely, sloe-eyed senorita not long ago, was flabbergasted when, the elderly duenna having been forced to visit the powder room, his friend and the girl leapt at each other like a pair of lust-crazed panthers, and made violent love right in front of him!

Unembarrassed, the girl explained, as she rearranged her clothing after this happy event, "You must excuse us. You see, it's the only chance we get." A sigh, then, "I can't wait until we are married."

The American thought he understood and said so, but was informed by his friend as they walked home, that his fiancee was not anxious to be wed merely to have freedom to en-



Charles Chaplin, in 1944, was charged with violation of the Mann Act and with conspiracy. He is shown with his attorney, the late Jerry Geisler, who was known for his defenses of many movie stars. This was one of Geisler's rare court losses.

joy unrestricted sexual congress with her husband, but to have affairs with other men

Nor was there visible any trace of the traditional fierce Spanish possessive jealousy. "After all, I play around and expect to continue after marriage. Why should I deny such enjoyment to the woman I love?"

His only fear was that his sheltered bride-to-be might disgrace him at some future time via a liaison with someone socially beneath them.

"In that case, of course, I should have to kill him," he said matter-of-factly. "A matter of honor. But I do not believe my Carla would ever bring me such ignominy. She loves me too much."

As for Dr. Wood's generous granting of freedom to any homosexual or autosexual impulses on the part of his attentive audience, here again he appears to have been placing the proverbial cart before the horse.

Not only does the law frown on homosexuality in America and reward offenders with jail sentences, but it still spends millions of dollars of its taxpayers' money in efforts to suppress description and discussion of homosexuality in literature, art or even in the newspapers.

As for autosexuality, well, millions of our young folk are still afflicted with guilt over this unavoidable and harmless form of emotional release. Accompanying this guilt is fear, usually aroused by parents or schoolmates who mistakenly believe that the practice of what is still called "self-abuse," will cause addling of the brains to the point of downright lunacy, or at least bring about impotence in the males who indulge.

As if the above booby-traps in the path of Dr. Wood's announced sexual freedom were not enough, there remains the intricate and generally nasty little land mines of statutory rape and paternity suits.

In the latter, a California court held comedian Charlie Chaplin guilty of fathering Joan Barry's child out of wedlock, even though scientifically administered blood tests proved he could not possibly have been the male responsible.

Nor was Chaplin the only victim of such judicial malpractice. Hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of American males are paying court-enforced support payments for infants with whose conception they had nothing whatever to do.

Virtually all Americans whose memories reach back before World War Two recall the disastrous publicity suffered by romantic screen-star Errol Flynn, when he learned after the event that the cute studio chorine he had seduced on his own yacht during a watery weekend off Catalina, was only 16 years of age.

He finally beat the rap on the grounds that he had no way of knowing her to be under the legal age limit of 18 and that she had given him no indication of her youth. But it cost him a fortune to beat the rap, and how many of us can command the kind of money Flynn could, to defeat the statutory rape charges of a pert and pretty (and physically *very* mature) girl and her lawyers.

The shock reaction that greeted the publication of Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita*, in 1958, and which aided hugely in that excellent novel's immense sales, reveals that, despite the Kinsey Reports and the fact that thousands of American girls get married at the age of 14 or less (how many others indulge in cohabitation without church or legal sanction is, of course, unknown), the American social attitude toward such goings on remains naive.



Errol Flynn shown leaving the office of the Grand Jury, during preliminary investigation of the assault charges.



The flamboyant screen hero-lover, the late Errol Flynn, is shown with defense counsel (Jerry Geisler at the left) when not one, but two young girls charged assault, while on a cruise on Flynn's yacht. A jury didn't believe the two girls.

This, despite that fact that Nabokov's 13-year-old heroine had already been deflowered by a precocious youth of her own age-bracket, before hero Humbert Humbert ever laid a hand on her!

Undoubtedly Dr. Wood's motives were of the noblest when he told his charges that they were free to make their own rules in matters of sex—but where do you suppose he has been living for lo, these 31 years?

In Baltimore, or Utopia? ●●●

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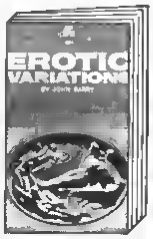
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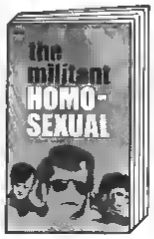
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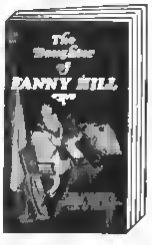
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(continued from page 53)

a group of big-league ballplayers?

Hardly had their plane set down in Tokyo than Joe's bride was commandeered by the armed forces to tour the G.I. bases in Korea. The weather turned cold, and there was Marilyn performing a half dozen times a day, out in the open in an evening gown cut to reveal a lot more Marilyn than it covered.

She came down with a terrible cold, naturally, and this highly touted marriage was off to a rocky start from which it never recovered.

Even without G.I. bases to appear at, even without the demands of the press, of local theater managers, wherever the couple goes, of various businessmen and operators seeking to cash in on the star-bride's publicity, things are rough all over.

There used to be a perhaps apocryphal anecdote around Hollywood about the lovely young star who married a non-professional. Everything was coming up roses save for one little trifle that bothered the groom. Finally, on their fifth night of bliss, he said, "Sweetie, why do you throw that damned pillow under the bed every night before we turn in?"

"Oh!" she replied, looking mildly surprised at his asking such a question, "That's for Hymie."

Hymie, of course, was Hymie Fink, perhaps the film capital's most successful photographer of its actors and actresses in their off-guard moments.

As Freddy of our opening (and non-Apocryphal) anecdote discovered the hard way, marriage to a love-goddess takes probably more patience, understanding, good-humor and you-name-it than mere mortal man can provide.

In short, it's sex-mate. ● ● ●



"I don't know but I think he said something about a suicide note."

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Gleason is an avid golfer, and devotes the same concentration to his hobby as he does to pulling together his television productions.

(Continued from Page 43)

He never relaxes. His supreme egotism won't let him ever take a secondary spot. He won a Tony award for *Take Me Along* on Broadway, followed with a superb performance in *The Hustler,* as pool-shark Minnesota Fats, in such "hot company" as Paul Newman and George C. Scott. Then he wrote the original story and music, and starred in *Gigot* and followed with a convincing role as a scared, money-grubbing fight manager in *Requiem For A Heavyweight.*

"I'm so hot, they all love me and want me," he gloated. "That's show biz." He was in demand, no doubt about it, but it bugged his ego to think that 50 million Saturday night viewers were missing The Great Jackie, so he went back on weekly. He took out 11 full-page ads in N.Y. papers and trade journals, proclaiming that he was back, in all his 265-pound glory. He made a personal tour in a private railroad car, from L.A. to New York.

He pulled corny publicity stunts (tinged with viciousness) such as having the midget, Johnny Morris, light his cigarette, then bragging he was the only man alive with a human cigarette lighter. He arranged to appear at the Pittsburgh Pirates game, in comic get-up, was allowed to hit one for a single, then sneered at the then-in-a-slump Pirates: "That's called a hit, in case you've forgotten."

One of the Pirates, a batting star, mumbled, "That fat sonofabitch—I gotta belt him," but was restrained.

Gleason made the big exodus, show and all, to Miami Beach, where he can play golf and booze all year round, and not suffer his usual colds and sinus troubles. He is King.

Toots Shor, who knows Gleason better than anyone else does, says, "We get 'em all, from Durocher to Sinatra—the big egos—but Jackie's in a class by himself. He thinks he's number one—in everything. And he didn't get it from success—he was always that way. One thing—Jack still runs with the same crowd, though—only now, he pays his bills and theirs—" Shor bailed Jackie out many times, financially, and likes to tell that when Jack asked for a loan, he egotistically refused to state the purpose for it. "If you ask me any more, I won't even take the grand," he once haughtily told Toots. He once ordered champagne for everyone in Shor's, charged it, then borrowed cab fare from Toots, to get home.

Gleason used to defend his drinking title against all comers, but one night, in Shor's, he fell on his face, and Toots wouldn't let anyone help him up. Since then, Jackie has relinquished the title, in public anyhow. Since he is a public figure, and the network doesn't look kindly on letters about his on camera drinking, Jackie dodges questions about his drinking. He *can* drink, make no mistake. And he does. But he is not just "a fat drunk," as David Merrick, top producer (and enemy) labels him. Dave Susskind, who produced *Requiem,* says that Gleason can hold more hard liquor, per hour, than any man alive. Gleason admits to a fifth of scotch in an afternoon, which is better than par for solid drinkers.



Comic, singer, dancer, Jerry Lewis, with son Gary. Jerry, offstage, has image of the happy father-family man. He too has gigantic ego.

When asked the question point-blank, Gleason says in all seriousness, "I drink *more* than they say (the old egotism again). I don't drink, though, to get over worries, or think up gags. I drink with the exclusive intention of getting bagged! I'm a clean drinker—never drink from a dirty glass."

He has been going steady with an ex-showgirl, Honey Merrill, for almost nine years, but cannot hope for marriage, for his religion will not allow Jackie to accept the divorce idea. He is always surrounded by leggy, lovely girls. And, he is devoted to his two grown daughters.

On the set, it is always "Gleason's way." He is a martinet, and brooks not the slightest suggestion from anyone. If a skit displeases him, the writer can expect to be quietly dumped within a day. He criticizes and instructs the June Taylor dancers unmercifully, for runs in stockings (even at rehearsals), and a misstep can mean dismissal. He picks on the band ("the clarinet is getting too much in the act.") and he justifies it all by saying, "The nation will be looking in, and if *my name* is on it, it's going to be perfect!"

He usually refuses to rehearse his part. He says he does not wish to "wear it out," and merely gives meager music instructions. He often keeps the cast at rehearsals or filming, until midnight but most of the time, the hardest working man around is Jackie Gleason. A doctor is always standing in the wings, and is often needed, with oxygen or pills. Yet at the conclusion, Gleason heads for a bar next door. At this bar, *The Cordial,* the juke box is loaded with Jackie Gleason music, and he drinks scotch by the fistfuls.

He has a 12-room residence at the

(continued on page 72)



WAIKIKI WITCHCRAFT

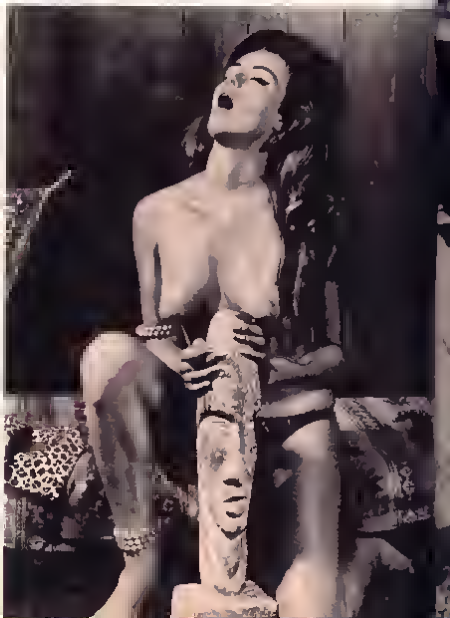


When the strip club craze spread to our 50th state, Hawaii, it was a cinch that they would like Adele Bronson. This trim little bundle of energy had already shown the popularity of her Hawaiian routine in some of the biggest clubs in the country. It worked fine, because she had always wanted to see Hawaii, and an agent helped.





Adele adjusts her dance tempo to the music, this ranges from the slow, languid Hawaiian love songs to the frantic, exciting war dances performed to the quick beat of native drums. Adele is from Detroit, Michigan, and had ide of crashing Broadway musicals with her skills as a dancer. Failing this, she settled for the night clubs, where she has had much success and where she is constantly in demand. Chan are, Hawaiian audiences will like her as much as Adele is looking forward to liking Hawaii.







es, none of them landing. And without the confinement of a ring, he back-pedaled, leading Kimtou as a matador leads a bull.

With each missed punch, Kimtou became even more angry. Mike added to it by carefully timed shots at the head and body. They were light but stinging blows.

Then, inevitably, it happened. Kimtou caught him with a left to the shoulder that spun him halfway around. It was followed by a right to the ribs that felt like a battering ram. The left hurtled at Mike again and caught him high on the forehead, snapping his head back, causing a flare of red that was the brink of unconsciousness. Knowing that to clinch with this man was suicide, Mike crouched and back-pedaled instead. Kimtou, trying to follow up, came in swinging and wide open.

Mike leaned into the hardest punch he'd ever thrown to a man's gut. Kimtou gasped and started to double over. Mike fired an uppercut that hit solidly on the chin. Kimtou staggered Mike bore in with hard lefts and rights hitting in punching bag rhythm, each of them taking its toll. He opened a cut over the right eye, then smashed in some teeth and finally broke Kimtou's nose.

Blubbering, his face smashed to a bloody pulp, the big kid backed away. "No, no—don't hit me no more . . . please don' hit me, donhit-me . . ." He fell against a tree sobbing.

Marcy walked over to them. Her face mirrored her disillusionment.

"I give you your hero," Mike said, gesturing toward Kimtou with an open hand.

Kimtou, recovering, ran wild-eyed toward Marcy. "Give me the gun! I'll kill him! I'll blast his rotten guts out!"

Marcy stared at him and Mike thought for a second she was going to stand there until Kimtou got the gun. Instead, she whirled around and ran toward the cliff. Before Kimtou caught her, she stopped. With a long sweep of her arm, she sent the gun twirling out into the night. It hit the brink of the cliff and cartwheeled over.

"The gun!" Kimtou bellowed. "You threw it away!" He lunged at the girl and got her in his huge arms. They fell to the ground. One of his hands went to her throat and the taloned fingers were closing before Mike could reach them.

He grabbed up a rock and clubbed Kimtou with it.

He roled the unconscious bloody hulk off the girl and tied him up with rope he found in one of the shacks.

Kimtou screamed and moaned like a maniac.

"Thanks for getting rid of the gun," Mike said.

"Forget it," she said softly, without spirit.

"I gather you don't love him any more."

"Man, you said it. I can't, not after seeing what he is."

"That's good."

She looked at Mike. "You did it because of me, didn't you?"

He nodded.

"Thanks," she said. "Mike, what else can I say—except that I've been an idiot?"

"That's plenty."

"I guess I've grown up."

"Yes, Marcy, you have."

"What happens to me now, Mike? Where do I go from here?"

She was a scared little girl looking for help. "If I were you, I'd stay right here."

"What about you?"

He shrugged. "I wish I could. If it's all right with you, I'd like to take the Lincoln and make a run for it."

"Take me with you, Mike." Her eyes were bright with sudden enthusiasm.

"I thought you said you'd grown up."

"Oh," she said, and looked as though she regretted it. "I guess you're right. Will . . . will you tell the police to come pick us up?"

"I won't have to do that. They'll be here soon."

"How do you know?"

"I just do." He kissed her forehead, then hurried toward the Lincoln.

As he drove away from Crawford's Crossing, he knew he'd remember Marcy as long as he lived. ●●●

Park Sheraton, in N.Y., and an office on W. 57th St., and he is apt to show up at any of them at any time.

Like the title of his best movie, Jackie Gleason is, and has always been, "The Hustler." He's a roughneck from Brooklyn, whose old man just walked out, after Jack's older brother died. When he was 16, his mother died. Jack finished public school, then began hustling in pool halls (he is still an excellent pool player), became a bouncer (he always was big), and then began appearing in carnivals and burlesque shows, as well as some tough saloons.

At 17, he was earning $18 a week as a comic at the Miami Club, a rough nightspot in Newark, N.J. In 1940, he got his first big break at the basement club called *Jack White's Club 18*, when it caught on, and became a celebrity hangout.

Jackie was the "insult" type comic, like Jack E. Leonard has become a master of, using such jokes as this: A woman who went to the restroom would be greeted on her return with, "Could you hear me in there?" The woman usually would say sarcastically, "No—and I didn't miss you." "Well," Gleason would leer, "We sure as hell could hear you!"

Jack L. Warner, of movie fame, thought Jackie was funny, and signed him. However, Warner is notorious for his mistakes, and Hollywood didn't (and still does not) think Gleason funny. He has a lot of movie credits, yet few can name you any of his pictures. Even Gleason admits he didn't do anything to or for Hollywood. So he went back to New York, ran up bills and lived by his wits, until 1948.

He broke into TV with "Cavalcade of Stars," as Reggie Van Gleason, Joe The Bartender, and the eventual jackpot character—Ralph Cramden, the bus driver. The latter character, with the help of Art Carney and Audrey Meadows, catapulted him into a "Jackie Gleason Show" in 1952. Buick once spent $11 million dollars to sponsor a half-hour show, and by 1957, Gleason was "top banana," and was signed by CBS to an unbreakable contract running through 1972!

Gleason has always been a real showman. He has been in the busi-

ness from sleazy hole-in-the-wall joints, to movie stardom and he knew he couldn't coast on the corn-ball, old jokes he had been getting away with—nor the comedy situations, which had worn thin. He wisely selected his "Honeymooners" as the best bet, and in 1958, he sold his series to 108 stations. (It is still running, and still has a good rating.)

Gleason didn't have a regular program now, so he turned to serious dramatics, unafraid, confident. He did a commendable job in a TV special of Saroyan's *The Time of Your Life*, and was bitten badly by the "Oscar bug," promising friends he would win an Oscar and an Emmy and a Tony, as it was "easy, for a man with my talents."

David Merrick signed Gleason, and here was a match. Merrick has an ego to match Gleason's, and though he paid Jackie $5000 a week to portray the drunken reporter in *Take Me Along*, Gleason insisted on a $50 a week raise—so he could be all-time top salaried man on Broadway! He also equalled the top salary ever—Ethel Merman in Gypsy! Gleason had to be "Number One," as he explains it.

Merrick's reaction was dynamic, and pointed. "I have to carry bubble gum—run a nursery school for that big drunk, so he can have his own way, or he'll pull that "sick" routine on me. Flu—hell! He takes a shower, then sits in front of a fan, so he can justify his thieving ways." But Jackie won, and earned the lifelong enmity of Broadway's most successful producer. He also rates the unqualified damnation of many a minor Broadway stage figure, from chorus girls to wardrobe workers.



New York Disc Jockey, Jack Eigen, shown with two long-time top comics, Joe E. Lewis, night club king, and "Mister Television," Milton Berle.

But—as they say on Broadway—you can't knock success, and that Jackie Gleason is a success, with a capital S—(for S.O.B., some maintain) is undeniable.

Variety, the "bible" of show business, ran an article that pointed out that only mediocre fading stars, (like George Jessel, who is more hammy than Gleason, and will appear for money, marbles, or chalk) would consent to appear with Gleason, at any price. Thus, it went on to say, Gleason has now turned to the "discovery bit"—featuring "future stars" who are relative unknowns.

You can get a lot of arguments from the other side—like the Paramount Studio people, who state categorically that, if Hollywood could get a few more Jackie Gleasons, it wouldn't be in the trouble it is. Jackie came out to do *Papa's Delicate Condition*, left his egotism and idiosyncracies and temperament in New York, evidently, for he finished the picture a week ahead of time—a considerable savings at going Hollywood costs. Detractors, like David Merrick, point out that Gleason will *always* behave, when the cameras are pointed at *him*, a major part of the time.

But even his best friends say that it is hard to tell the *real* Gleason. Most of them feel that he *likes* the image he now owns—successful, hell-for-leather comedian, actor, musician. It is a hell of a lot better than the one they say he is trying to drown out in booze—the unknown orphan, reduced to hustling pool games, to eat. And a few of them say that, maybe—just maybe, mind you—Jackie Gleason *is* the top man in all the fields that he fancies he is.

Like Broadway always says, "If you can't say something nice about a guy, say something nasty."

●●●

SWINGING WITH AN EVENING STAR



Does Bonnie ever get tired of dancing so much? "Never," she smiles. "It's about the only thing on this earth that I don't get tired of. I've been dancing since I was a little girl back in Des Moines. If it were up to me, that's all I would do." Bonnie has won several contests and last year she got two "grand and glorious" weeks in Las Vegas as a result of winning first place in a dance contest. You know what she did there? "Well, I didn't do any gambling, that's for sure. All I did was dance the Watusi, man!"





A darling of the discotheques, is scintillating Bonnie Starr, a girl who starts to swing on the dance floor along about the witching hour! Bonnie's a bug about dancing and would much prefer that even to eating!



The trouble is, Bonnie works a gig with weird hours. Like she would rather start her dance-omania bit around 8, but her job as a telephone operator keeps her at the switchboard until 11. She just has time to dash home, get into her dancing shoes and make the scene at the discotheque at midnight. "This is like Cinderella in reverse," says Bonnie. But she's philosophical about it, anyway. "At least I get two solid hours of dancing in each night," she says. But for a girl who digs this beat it's hardly enough. Yet Bonnie thanks her lucky stars she has two days off. "And one of them is Saturday night," she coos with glee. "And that's the best night of all in the week!"

